THE DIRECTOR.

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UT VARIAS USUS MEDITANDO EXTUNDERET ARTES.
VIRG.

To the Director.

Sir,

AN eminent modern Philosopher, the late Mr. Walter Shandy, has observed that there is a certain mien and motion of body and its parts, both in acting and speaking, which displays to the discerning eye what is passing within, and serves as an index to the mind. "I am not therefore, he adds, at all surprised that

Gregory of Nazianzum, upon observing the hasty and untoward gestures of JULIAN, should foretell that he would one day become an apostate;—or that *St. Ambrose* should turn his amanuensis out of doors, because of an indecent motion of his head, which went backwards and forwards like a flail. There are indeed (continues he) a thousand *unnoticed* openings, which let a penetrating mind at once into the soul."

THUS far this great man.—He did not however perceive, how far the principle may be carried, and how correctly the many "*unnoticed* openings" of *stile*, may supply to a penetrating mind a minute and infallible knowledge of the character, conduct, and situation of the writer. I repeat his emphatic word "unnoticed," because if we attempt to discover an author by his obvious character, we judge by those marks which it is in his power to vary, or erase. While authors use their own conceptions and expressions, and deal only in articles of their own

manufacture, it is easy enough to distinguish them by the images they refer to, and the arguments they employ. But when they adorn or disguise themselves with the feathers of others of their tribe; when they imitate the stile or jargon, and adopt the sense or nonsense, of their brethren, the most sagacious decypherer may be baffled and deluded in his conjecture.

A man's writings may be considered as his universal and perpetual representatives; displaying his character and peculiarities, his powers and his weakness, in whatever quarter of the globe, and in whatever age of the world, they may attract attention: and these will furnish an unfailing index of the writer's character, whenever the marks by which we distinguish, are such as are *unnoticed* by the party himself. While he remains unconscious of them, he has no means of varying, much less of entirely avoiding them. Indeed it would be quite unnatural for him to *seek* for information on

such a subject; as it is an obvious fact, that we all know a great deal more of our neighbours, than of ourselves; for while we are *benevolently* attending to the foibles of others, we very *disinterestedly* forget our own.

After these introductory observations, I proceed to state, that I have discovered *an infallible criterion of detecting authors*, by inflexions and gradations of stile and manner, which, though unknown to themselves, and therefore incapable of disguise and concealment, are as inseparably and instinctively proper to each of them, as his own existence. In communicating this discovery, my modesty will not suffer me to expatiate fully on the application of it to literary purposes; as to the detection of *Junius*, or of the author of the *Heroic Epistle*:—to political objects; as ascertaining the writer of any speech in Parliament,—whether it was composed by the orator's tutor, or by the tutor's curate:—or to acts of charity, as the developing the real charac-

ter and condition of a begging correspondent. But I cannot help requesting the reader for a moment to reflect, what would be the advantage to society, and what the degree of sincerity and plain dealing between man and man, if from private letters, we could find out actual sentiments and intentions; and if we could enable members of Parliament and their constituents,—ministers and their dependents,—beauties and their lovers, reciprocally to understand each other's real meanings and motives;—and whether it would not put an end to that crooked policy and double dealing, which has done so much mischief among us, and go some way to restore the golden age of truth and virtue upon earth.

I now proceed to give evidence of the intrinsic value of my discovery, by informing you, not only who are the writers of the papers in the DIRECTOR, but what are the character, situation, and private history, of each of them: trusting that

you will do me the justice to declare, how far my information is correct, by whatever art, *black* or *white*, you may suppose it to be obtained.—And in the first place, as to your papers No. 2, on *the Causes which have impeded the Progress of Antient Art;* No. 11, on the *Gaelic Poems in Ireland*, and No. 19, containing *Parallels between Art and Science*, though with varying signatures, I trace in them all, the same peculiarities of manner, and the same proof of identity. I discover that they are written by a person, bearing at an early period of life, the bloom, the flowers, and the fruits of genius; who, having distinguished himself even in boyhood for superiority of science, was called to an elevated and honourable philosophical situation, at an age when many begin their studies. Courted and beloved as he is in private life, and filling with honour to himself, and benefit to the public, appointments which very few at any period of life might venture to aspire to, I perceive that he retains an undi-

minished attachment to science and literature, together with perfect simplicity and modesty of manners.

In the author of your two papers on the *Connexion between Genius and Patronage*, and of three papers of anecdotes of *Eminent Antient Artists*, I perceive a long and successful attention to classic learning, and a critical skill in the Greek and Latin authors: I see the effects of a life assiduously devoted to literary research, and the advantages of an acute and discriminating mind. As all this, however, appears on the face of the compositions, and may be visible to any attentive eye, I take no merit from the statement of it. But my peculiar art has been employed in tracing the domestic history of this gentleman; and in endeavouring to appreciate the blessings which he derives from the happy connexion which he formed in early life: and I have reflected with a warm interest, on the providential interference under which

(wounded by deceit and treachery, the particulars of which, were I to read more of his works, I could easily trace) his health has been preserved, his literary labours relieved, and his spirits and his powers of mind invigorated, by connubial attention and affection, by social intercourse, and by the attachment of his friends.

Your two papers on *Antient Works of art* (No. 17 and 18) puzzled me a little at first. I find, however, they are written by a young clergyman, who has devoted his life to parochial and domestic duties; and I have discovered that his labours are not confined to the mere formal and public offices of the church:—that he allows no distressed or ignorant person in his parish to be neglected or forgotten; but carries religious comfort, friendly advice, and temporal relief, to all his necessitous and afflicted neighbours; at the same time attracting in numbers, the listless and unheeding, to the temple of God, and to his most solemn and sacred

service, not only by public exhortation, but by private instruction and personal attention;

> Wins straying souls with modesty again;
> Casts none away.———

THE three papers on the *Structure of our Theatres*, and on the *ballet of the Siege of Troy*, I will venture to say are written by a gentleman, who to an improved and cultivated taste unites a zeal for the fine arts, and a very enviable power of fostering and protecting them; who not only ranks with the *scientific amateur* in the study of the principles of design, but rivals the *professed artist* in detail and execution. I can see in minute and almost invisible marks, the warm glow of a mind, invigorated and stimulated by the contemplation of the classic remains of antiquity, in the genial soil which gave them birth.—Happy will it be for England, when our educated and opulent countrymen shall generally imitate his example; and direct the advantages which they derive from foreign travel, to the encouragement of

their own artists, and to the promotion of science, literature, and the arts, in our beloved and respected country.

In your paper, No. 3, on the *Colossal Statue of Achilles*, I trace the production of a female mind, eminently conversant in works of taste, and animated by filial piety. It is however, or my skill deceives me, intermixed with touches of another, and not a female hand. The separation and distinction of the parts I might atchieve by labour; but I shall forego, or at least delay the attempt, from a wish not to trespass too much on your time, or on that of your readers.

Your 13th paper on the *Moral Effects of Music*, I pronounce to be an insulated production. You would have done better, Mr. Director, and have afforded more pleasure to your readers, if you had given us, instead of one, many specimens from his hand; and at the same time you would have lessened my difficulty in decyphering the genius, character, and his-

tory of this writer. What, however, my skill has discovered of him, I will faithfully give. The author of the thirteenth number has been endued from his birth with talents of such a cast, that no branch of study could have been the object of his attention without eminence. He might have been a Virgil or a Martial, a Pliny or a Cicero. He would have succeeded as a poet, a painter, a sculptor, a musician, an historian, or a philosopher:

The world was all before him, where to choose.

Happily for this country, he has, (as I find by my art) consecrated his life to religious functions, and to moral and intellectual studies. The more you can induce him to write, the better it will be for mankind:—and I therefore blame you, excuse me, good Mr. DIRECTOR, for being content with a single production, when the interest of the community demanded many.

IN the *Bibliographiana*, the *Postscript to the Fly-flap*, the account of the *British*

Gallery, the *Sketches of modern characters*; the *Walk in London*; the *Mirror of Truth*, and the *Alarmist*, I discover clear and distinct evidence of identity of character. The same talent of application, the same habit of research, and the same urbanity of manner, pervade every part of them. These, however, are marks, which float upon the surface, and may be apparent to your readers as well as to myself: I shall therefore proceed to notice, what, without personal and intimate knowledge of the party, they could not have discovered, and what I, without my own extraordinary art, could not have developed. I find that this gentleman is also of the clerical order; and that, though his affection and attention to literary pursuits are severe and unremitting, yet that he performs with religious and assiduous care all his professional duties. He may therefore exclaim with Cicero, "Who will have any right to blame me, if I devote to these delightful studies those

hours, which others sacrifice to public amusements, to social intercourse, to pleasure, to indolence, to repose*? His attention to literature, to Bibliographical knowledge, and to the fine arts, united with suavity of manners and facility of conversation, have made him known and respected. But he has not yet reaped those fruits and advantages, which it requires no prophetic character to foretell he will assuredly reap, whenever his merits and claims are fairly appreciated.

Before I conclude, it may be expected that I shall also notice the contents of your first and introductory number, the

* Quare quis tandem me reprehendat, aut quis mihi jure succenseat, si quantum cæteris ad suas res obeundas, quantum ad festos dies ludorum celebrandos, quantum ad alias voluptates, et ad ipsam requiem animi et corporis, conceditur temporum: quantum alii tribuunt tempestivis conviviis; quantum denique aleæ, quantum pilæ, tantum mihi egomet ad hæc studia recolendâ sumpsero? Cic: pro Archia.

letter in No. 4 on the *Fly-flap*, (in which your correspondent has made an egregious mistake as to the right honourable author *), the three papers (No. 12, 15, and

* In your correspondent's conjectures as to the writer of this little *Jeu d'Esprit*, he is as much mistaken, as the author of the *Fly flap*, is about the edi or of the Director. The initials apply not to any assumed, but to a real character,—not to a foreign adventurer, but to a gentleman descended from the very first class of our nobility; and the work was dictated, not by the desire of debasing, but of improving our own artists. As an additional proof of my art, if further evidence is wanting, I will give you as much of his history, as my skill can derive from so short a paper. The second son of an antient and noble family, he devoted himself, from early youth, to intellectual attainments. He spent an early part of his life, with some peculiar domestic advantages, in those parts of Europe, where the FINE ARTS have been most cultivated and honoured; and he there acquired that liberal and disinterested affection for them, that looks to their prevalence as the ornament and pleasure of mankind, independent of soil or country, or of associations of individuals. At the same time he saw that their first progress in modern Italy and in antient Rome, *depended on importations of artists, and examples of art, from Greece*; and *analogy* at least authorized the supposition, that the same mode might be successful in this country. I discover further by my

20) on the *Drama;* that upon *Good Living*, and the *Life of Mr. Thomas Proctor.* As to these, though I know the author as well as I know myself, and am in habits of intimacy with him, yet I shall say nothing about him. My affection for him is warm and permanent, and I am in his confidence. I cannot therefore persuade myself to reveal all I know of him. To caricature the *person* of an author, and to advertise his *foibles* and *imperfections*,

art, that since his return to his native land, he has embraced many and many opportunities of assisting both English and foreign artists, and of being the friend and protector of talent and genius; and has opened for the learned and curious the most splendid mineralogical collection which this country possesses. With these circumstances before us, we must respect the opinions of such a man, even though we deny the authority; and while we consider the warping of prejudice, which has hitherto prevailed with many of our countrymen in favour of foreign artists, the indisposition to native talents, and the desire of exalting what is extraneous and remote, we shall never class with *culprits* like these (who deal in the refuse of all the polygraphic manufactures in Europe) an individual, whose clear and distinct object is to promote and improve the fine arts in his native country.

would have too much the air of a *modern editor:* and therefore, because he hath offences in him, which thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, I shall let him *continue,* and reserve what I have to say on this subject to a more convenient opportunity.

In the mean time I beg leave to subscribe myself, with unfeigned regard and esteem,

My dear Director,

Your sincere and affectionate Friend,

Trismegistus Secundus.

P. S. When you have nothing better to do, you may as well tell your readers, why, as you are many, you have not taken the name of the *Directory,* or the *Director's Club,* or simply of the *Club?* And why, after having announced the *fine arts* as your principal subject, you have dealt more in literary subjects; and how far the publication of the Artist is con-

cerned in this matter? Speaking of the Artist, I should tell you, that I originally intended to have applied my art to the detection of the writers in that paper. But as they announced at first, and have continued to announce, that "each essay will have the signature of its author," I thought that, after much labour, I should have no merit in the discovery; as the editor would have informed the public, that each essay *had really the signature of the author*, but that my weak eyes could not perceive it.

T. S.

My correspondent's suggestion of the adoption of the name of CLUB is deserving of consideration; and his conjecture, with regard to some variation which has taken place in the selection of subjects for the Director, is correct and just. I consider the *Artist* as a publication, which may be of great use in this country, and I trust that it will not be given up.

If *Trismegistus* had possessed as much of personal acquaintance, as he does of occult science, the initials affixed to the different papers in the Artist would have supplied, *without conjuration*, the names of the authors; and he would have found among the contributors, men of the first eminence, in the different walks of art and literature. He would have found the compositions of two of our most successful dramatists: of six of the most distinguished members of the Royal Academy; of a gentleman to whom the Director is indebted for several communications, and of a philosopher whose researches have added to the treasures of science in modern Europe. A work like THE ARTIST, will always be wanted in this country, to vindicate the pretensions of the liberal arts,—to direct and purify the national taste,—to impress the public mind with respect for the GRAPHIC MUSE, and for her *intellectual* and exalted powers,—and at the same time to teach her votary to *reverence himself*, and to look to superior excellence and

lasting glory, as the great objects of attainment;—infusing into him a portion of that divine spirit, which produced in antient Greece the highest perfection of art,—and habituated the aspiring genius, to *receive* wealth as a meaner and inferior tribute, and to *desire* praise, and praise alone.